

M O N O D Y

TO THE

M E M O R Y

O F A

YOUNG LADY who died in Child-bed.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence.)

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YOUNG LADY

1844

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O F A
YOUNG LADY who died in Child-bed.

With a POETICAL DEDICATION to
The Right Honourable LORD LYTTETTON.

To which is now first added,

An EVENING ADDRESS to a NIGHTINGALE.

BY C. S H A W.

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,

How widow'd every thought of ev'ry joy?

YOUNG.

THE FOURTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

L O N D O N :

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T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD LYTTELTON.

THE man, whom Phœbus and the tuneful
throng

Inspire with all the magic charms of song ;
Should he, by wayward fate, be doom'd to prove
The pains — the anguish, of disastrous love !
In pity to his keener sense of grief,
All gracious Heav'n bestow'd the vast relief,
With skilful hand his tender woes to paint ;
And the sweet solace of a *loud complaint* :
To spread his sorrow like contagion round,
And make all Nature with his griefs resound !

O

O THOU, whose steps I tread — whose praise
 rehearse,
 By wit *ennobled*, and the pow'rs of verse!
 In easy elegance whose numbers flow,
 And melt and charm us with melodious woe!
 Wilt thou permit the meanest of the throng,
 To swell the chorus of the *plaintive song*?
 Thy smile alone shall vindicate my claim,
 Thy hand shall smoothe the rugged path to fame.
 When love-lorn youths in each succeeding age,
 With tears shall dwell on thy infectious page,
 Shall I (O flattering thought!) the boon obtain
 To stand recorded with the pensive train,
 For hapless loves and well-sung sorrows fam'd?
 Nor S—— forgot, when LYTTLETON is nam'd?

MONODY

M O N O D Y

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

O F A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone — for ever fled —
My dearest EMMA's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no — she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives — but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no more.

B

I, who

II.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, wou'd languish for my charmer's sight,
Wou'd chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O mis'ry past a cure!)
Hours, days and years successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

III.

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever Mind so much of Heav'n partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Tho' mild as ev'ning skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

IV.

IV.

Come, then, some muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

V.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
“How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!”
In pity cease — alas! I know too well:
How, in her sweet, expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd:

No piteous object could she see,
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
 Whilst smiles of affability
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
 Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
 Stranger to ev'ry female art,
 Alike to feign, or to disguise:
 And O the boast how rare!
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
 In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
 O feeble words — unable to express
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

VI.

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
 With murd'rous hands deals havock on mankind,
 Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind?

Hark!

Hark ! Groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze !
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :
In vain — Perverse, still on th' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r ;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

VII.

Alas ! the day — where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
I fly the fatal house — suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :
But, ah ! in vain — no change of time or place
The mem'ry can efface

Of

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

VIII.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

IX.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears!

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
“ And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
“ But oh! if e'er thy E M M A's name was dear,
“ If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
“ If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
“ Proud Friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in vain;
“ If it has been my sole endeavour, still
“ To act in all, obsequious to thy will;
“ To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
“ Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
“ If I have doated with that fond excess,
“ Nor Love cou'd add, nor Fortune make it less;
“ If this I've done, and more — oh then be kind
“ To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
“ When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
“ Some happier maid may take thy E M M A's place,
“ With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
“ And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
“ My dearest S—— forgive a woman's fears,
“ But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)

“ Promise

“ Promise — and I will trust thy faithful vow,
 “ (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
 “ That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
 “ This fatal pledge of hapless Emma’s love,
 “ Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake,
 “ And oh ! be tender for its mother’s sake.
 “ Wilt thou ? —
 “ I know thou wilt — sad silence speaks assent,
 “ And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content.”

X.

I, who, with more than manly strength, have bore
 The various ills impos’d by cruel fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
 But sink beneath the weight :
 Just Heav’n (I cry’d) from mem’ry’s earliest day
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
 Has claim’d me for her own.

But

But O — in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss ; I ask — I ask no more —
Vain hope — th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks — she sighs her last —
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

XI.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !
With impious wish to tear her from the skies ;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !
But whither wou'd this dreadful frenzy lead ?
Fond man forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will decreed ;
In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.,

C

Perhaps

XII.

Perhaps kind Heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss — haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy EMMA die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

XIII.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:

But,

But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in fullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

XIV.

Forgive me, Heav'n—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O—the joyless night!

Where shall I rest my weary head?
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

XV.

Come † Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
 To my torn heart its former peace restore;
 Thy vot'ry, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
 Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
 Again I shall behold my EMMA's face;
 Again with transport hear
 Her voice, soft whisp'ring in my ear;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

XVI.

But ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes:

If

† Laudanum.

If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?
 Her lovely form pursues where e'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.
 By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove
 Through valley, grot, and grove ;
 Nought can THEIR beauties or MY loss restore ;
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

XVII.

Sicknefs and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head.
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
 Shou'd worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count ev'ry minute of the loitering day,
 Impatient for my quick return?

Shou'd

Shou'd aught my bosom discompose,
 Who now with sweet complacent air,
 Shall smoothe the rugged brow of care,
 And soften all my woes?
 Too faithful mem'ry — Cease, O cease —
 How shall I e'er regain my peace?
 (O to forget her) — but how vain each art,
 Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

XVIII.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
 And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
 When, twining round my knees, I trace
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
 Sad mem'ry of my joys — ah now no more!
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
 More beggar by the riches once possesst.

My

My little darling! — dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd — (O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes, wou'd gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone — Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tend'rest love:
And O! sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!

When

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply?
And oft, as, to thy list'ning ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
Which I wou'd vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?





A N
E V E N I N G A D D R E S S
T O A
N I G H T I N G A L E.

Ultima tu nostris accedis Causa Querelis! OVID.

I.

SWEET Bird! that kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholly haunts of Woe,
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain: —
 For surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the Grove?

D

II.

II.

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas, for BOTH, I weep —
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that shou'd have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By ev'ry art that science cou'd devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd it's flight to seek her in the skies —
Then

Then O our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

III.

But why alas ! to thee complain !
To thee — unconscious of my pain !
Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year :
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :
But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I count my sorrows by encreasing years.

IV.

Tell me, thou fyren Hope, deceiver fay,

Where is the promis'd period of my woes?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,

And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

O what delusion did thy tongue employ!

“ That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,

“ Her last bequest — with all a mother's care,

“ The bitterness of sorrow shou'd remove,

“ Soften the horrors of despair,

“ And chear a heart long lost to joy!”

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,

Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,

My soul the maze of fate wou'd vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd,

How did I rave of blessings yet in store?

Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,

And my full heart cou'd bear, nor tongue cou'd utter

more. —

V.

V.

- “ Just Heav’n, I cry’d” — with recent hopes elate,
“ Yet I will live — will live, tho’ EMMA’s dead —
“ So long bow’d down beneath the storms of fate,
“ Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
“ My *little* EMMA, now my ALL,
“ Will want a father’s care,
“ Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,
“ And for her sake the ills of life I’ll bear:
“ And oft together we’ll complain,
“ Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
“ From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,
“ And prattle tales of woe:
“ And O in that auspicious hour,
“ When fate resigns her persecuting pow’r,
“ With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
“ No more to weep — my sorrow-streaming eyes,
“ When death gives misery repose,
“ And opes a glorious passage to the skies.

VI.

VI.

Vain thought! it must not be — She too is dead —

The flattering scene is o'er —

My hopes for ever — ever fled —

And vengeance can no more —

Crush'd by misfortune — blasted by disease —

And none — none left, to bear a friendly part!

To meditate my welfare, health or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe!)

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,

And dry up ev'ry tear:

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if I ne'er had been lov'd;

VII.

As if unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

VII.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery t' impart !
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Ev'n * HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

* See the Dedication.

F I N I S.

A NIGHTINGALE

As I conceived of poetic fire
I never had touched the trembling lyre
As if my nightingale had not been there
How my heart melted at another's grief.

Yes — while this weary life I fall
While yet my tongue is in the world's thrall
In prison and in pain I will not cease
And dwell with fond hope on distant ease.

For O how grateful is a single day
To live and love and hope and pray
To live and love and hope and pray
To live and love and hope and pray.

And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young
And now I am old and now I am young.

